

# James Baker Hall

## 1935-2009

by Gray Zeitz

Jim left the daylilies in full bloom.  
Jim is now a daylily.

My mother comes when the dogwood blooms  
as if she were still here, so sharp the memory.

We think of the loved often,  
to remember what was shared, ask questions,  
like I'd ask of you and you and *you*.

Like on walks in the backwood  
when we come across a clump of daffodils  
and realize here was someone's home,  
the house over here.

& I'm listening, you telling me  
how this life is put together.

How this poem is put together.  
How to see in this light.